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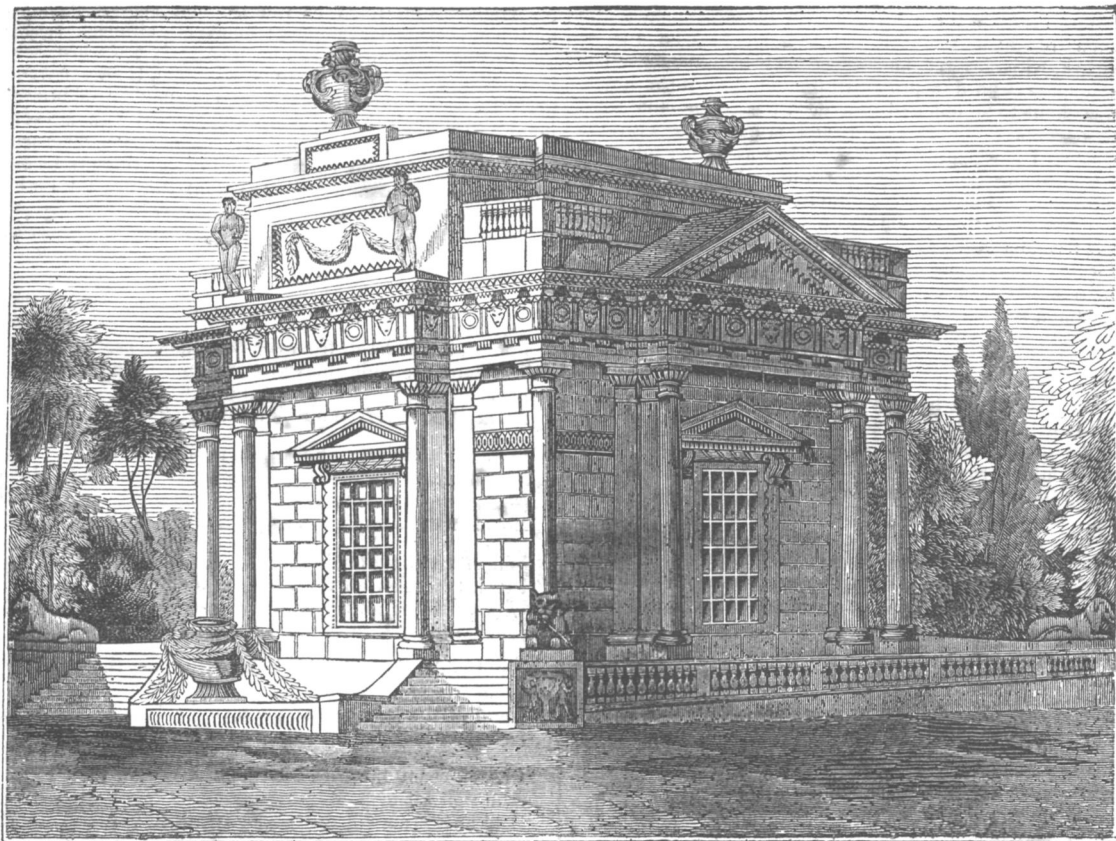
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

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Sketched by Mr. E. Hayden.

THE CASSINO.

Engraved by Bruce.

This elegant memorial of the classic taste and superior mind of one of the truest patriots that Ireland ever knew, stands in the middle of the beautiful lawn of Marino, near Clontarf, on the northern shore of the Bay of Dublin; the entire demesne containing about one hundred acres. It was the creation and delight of the Earl of Charlemont, and forms the most striking and beautiful model of the chastest style of Doric architecture to be found in Ireland. The motive of Lord Charlemont in erecting this and other elegant buildings in the vicinity of our metropolis, is stated by Mr. Hardy, in his life of that noble lord, to have been as amiable as the building was beautiful. When Lord Charlemont came to Ireland, in 1775, he built Marino, not merely from a love of architecture, but from a sense of duty as a citizen, who was bound to cultivate the interests of the country which gave him birth. "I was sensible," said this excellent man, "that it was my indispensable duty to live in Ireland, and I determined, by some means or other, to attach myself to my native land; principally with this view I began those improvements at Marino, as, without some attractive employment, I doubted whether I should have resolution to become a resident." For this purpose he invited to Ireland Simon Verpoyle, to make models and ornaments for his new building, from designs furnished by himself and Sir William Chambers; and in this way contributed

to foster that taste for architecture which still distinguishes our metropolis. Would that the mantle of the noble earl had fallen on the shoulders of some of those illustrious individuals whose demesnes are in the neighbourhood of our metropolis, but who scarcely ever expend one pound in their improvement. The demesne of Marino was, at one time, the constant resort of the citizens of Dublin, to whom its warm-hearted proprietor liberally threw it open. It was altogether elegantly and effectively laid out, and possessed a number of attractions. At the upper extremity of a lake, sequestered in a deep and shady grove, stood Rosamond's Bower—with its stained glass, fretted mouldings, and pointed ornaments—forming a perfect model of a Gothic temple. "I have seen it, when a boy," says a late writer, "and although I knew not then the Gothic from the Doric order, I thought it the perfection of architecture; and now as an elder, I still dwell on it with peculiar complacency, and consider that nothing I have seen abroad or at home is superior to it."* The demesne has now lost its attraction—it has long been neglected—Rosamond's bower is in ruins—and a stranger seldom visits it. For portrait and historical record of this patriotic nobleman, see the 49th number of the Journal.

* Picture of Dublin, just published by Curry and Co.